

SIX YEARS HENCE.

Bear Lake Valley as it will be in 1895.

A CLUSTER OF PRETTY TOWNS.

The Butwell Canal Scheme—The True Story of the Bear Lake Monster, "Taken on the Spot."

I DISTINCTLY remember having passed through Bear Lake valley about the middle of August, 1889, just six years ago.

AT HANDBOURG.
I remarked the improvements: several neat private residences were being pushed to the finish, home brick and native lumber forming the main materials; small canals were being dug to conduct the waters of Bear river to these vast tracts of semi-desert lands, which include nearly the entire country round about this place; but the grain crops were slim, making business dull and money scarce, on account of scarcity of the globe's better half, water. Notwithstanding all of this, the people of Handbourn lived, constantly keeping a shining light before them that "better times were coming."

Passing over several miles of arid lands, then gaining the heights eight miles to the north, which in every sense of the word is the top of the mountains, I rattled down through steep, rough, narrow passages for some seven miles, when the cotton spread and I drove into the very heart of LAKE TOWN.

From Lake Town, on the grain crops, I remember, showed a far more profitable yield. The people of this town seemed to be rustlers, if you can judge anything from handsome residences, pretty orchards and gardens, good crops, and from their representative in the co-op., who is a rustler from the word go. Expense and labor have not been withheld in order to construct miles of canals, hundreds of yards of which had to be built of solid rock to enable them to pass tortuous curves and rough places. The people of this town seemed to be rustlers, if you can judge anything from handsome residences, pretty orchards and gardens, good crops, and from their representative in the co-op., who is a rustler from the word go. Expense and labor have not been withheld in order to construct miles of canals, hundreds of yards of which had to be built of solid rock to enable them to pass tortuous curves and rough places.

GARDEN CITY.

The strip of tillable land between the lake and the mountains at this point, is very narrow, leaving little room for extensive farms. I remember, when passing through Garden City in 1889, a beautiful piece of tall, golden grain with four scare crows stretching their long, ominous arms to the four winds, as a body guard. That wheat must have been precious.

I will say, before I forget it, that at the time I refer to, the grain throughout the valley was all ripe, most having been cut, bound and shocked with the self-binder, side rule and droppers then in use. Cook Brothers store was just in its infancy at Garden City.

Along my route I made it a point to "sound" the people concerning their notorious Bear Lake monster. Of course, I broached the subject to the lady clerk at Cook Bros. store. Her ideas are somewhat milder than most of the store-keepers, so I will give them first. When questioned, she replied: "Oh, no; I haven't seen the monster for some time—the only one I ever saw was a string of ducks, or some boys or girls in bathing."

Continuing I soon passed over the Utah Idaho line, and directly reached

FISH HAVEN.

This was a charming retreat for pleasure seekers; the sandy beach washed by the warm waters of the lake, made bathing superb, and the gigantic cottonwood trees formed a cool shelter at midday. If you catch Uncle Sam snoring, you could launch a boat at this place, pull out a few rods and have a little exciting time with the wily trout.

FIVE MILES FURTHER.

Five miles farther through fields live with stock, and also many men busy harvesting and cutting their beautiful patches of alfalfa.

ST. CHARLES.

was reached. This was one of the most thriving towns of the valley, and is at present. The mercantile business was in a flourishing condition. Edward Pugmire, the genial and the gay, makes friends wherever he goes, managed the co-op., "A dam" Wilcox, as some people enjoy putting it, was also working up a paying business in general merchandise. William J. Cleal did a rushing trade in the boat and shoe line. St. Charles is at one end of the lake and Lake Town at the other. The people, generally, were in high spirits, and good health prevailed.

AT ST. CHARLES.

I met Mr. Bothwell, a brother to the great Box Elder canal schemer. This gentleman was stopping in this vicinity in order to mingle with the people and banish any idle notions or ideas that existed concerning the proposed Bear Lake reservoir. Every stream in the valley had been located and recorded by the canal company, giving rise to the belief that there was going to be a great water monopoly. But the object of this was to protect themselves from blackmailers who might sneak in, gobble the surplus water, and compel the canal company to pay a fabulous sum for it, that their enormous reservoir might be supplied. Mr. Bothwell is a man of too broad views to attempt to take these streams of water from the people when they have secured them by prior usage. Because of such foundation rumors, a rapid communication was sent to the Idaho officials, hasty action taken, incorrect statements and resolutions dispatched to Washington (so said Mr. Bothwell), and immediately came orders from there that Bear Lake and all land within two miles of it was reserved for government purposes. It was thought that Mr. Bothwell and company were going to jump the whole valley and most of Idaho, it appeared. But these times have passed; Idaho officials were misled, and the government saw its mistake and drew out of the petty middle. Next came

BROOMINGTON.

a sleepy little resident town in 1889, but which has since been spread over, swallowed up and lost in Paris, which was then only a country town of 1,000, but has since more than doubled its population. "Fifteen minutes' drive brought me to

PARIS.

which then supported a number of good business houses. The Bear Lake Mercantile Co., the Co-op., C. H. Wright, a millinery and a furniture store, two shoe shops, two butcher shops, and two harness shops, included most of the business establishments. The Southern Idaho Independent grew up and blossomed out weekly. Business was very fair in every department, the greatest drawback being the large amount of negotiable scrip then issued by most of the houses. It was in the latter part of 1889 that the anti-scrip party formed a head in Paris. It grew so rapidly and its mouth and jaws became so cavernous and insatiable that all the paper was consumed, and now such a thing as scrip in Paris, or even Bear Lake valley, is not known. What a blessing! Scrip will feed fat the big men, but the small men will starve.

MARK THE CHANGE!

Cities have doubled and even trebled their population; towns have sprung up out of the very rocks, sand hills and sagebrush plains; trains are running at sixty and ninety miles per hour; balloons are plying between all the cities, etc., etc.

Soon after the delay to the canal project in 1889, the government shook Bothwell by the hand, telling him to go on, and he did. An immense unbanked, seven miles in length, was thrown up across the flat north of Bear Lake; the river diverted from its

natural course, and turned into the mammoth reservoir during the winter seasons; hundreds of acres of land immediately north of the lake were thus brought under cultivation; numerous canals were cut through the sagebrush deserts of Box Elder county, and it was made to "blossom like the rose." Preston and Lovelock flats were plentifully supplied with that good as-gold fluid, and the country round about was converted into a second Eden.

But to revert again to my excursion to Bear Lake in 1889. The people dwelling in the vicinity of the lake seem to take a pride and great delight in telling of "their" Bear Lake monster. One man declared with all soberness, that early one morning he happened down by the lake shore below St. Charles, and saw with astonished eyes where the rushes and been pressed close to the ground, as if some enormous monster had been that way. Of course, he flew to town with the news that he had seen the monster, and away it went on the winds that the monster had again been seen. Then the Indians will not bathe in the lake.

THEY HAVE A TRADITION.

that once upon a time a score of their papoose boys were washing in the lake when a huge serpent moved stealthily upon the crowd and scooped "em all in right before the eyes of the horror-stricken mothers and fathers. "Blood waters" began lavishing, "ugh," says the Indian to reference to the lake.

Another story (true, of course,) goes that many years ago a man named was offered for the monster dead or alive. One ardent seeker after wealth and fame conceived the idea of baiting him. So he had a great fish hook, over a yard in length, made of the finest steel. A huge floater painted red was attached to the large rope which was fastened at the top of a big cottonwood near the shore, and the hook to the other end. The red floater was to trace the monster should he break the line. A sheep was killed, attached to the hook and with these in his boat he rowed out to the end of the line and dropped the baited hook overboard, 200 yards from shore. He could not sleep that night, but tossed about in a feverish state. Next morning before daybreak he arose and was soon rowing unobscuredly out toward the floater. With trembling hands he raised the hook—the bait was gone! "Ah, I'll have him next time sure," he chuckled in underbreath, thinking of the monster. That day he killed and baited with another mutton, perfectly satisfied, he would make the capture that night. Next morning the mutton was missing again. He was positive he would catch him the following morning, and so it went on until his entire flock of sheep had been consumed in the vain endeavor to hook the monster. He then hit upon an idea. Obtaining

A JOG OF THE STRONGEST WHISKY.

he attached it to the hook and lay in wait with a sixteen shooter loaded all round. To his great astonishment and disgust he perceived two Indians launch their boat, row out and detach the jug from the hook and return, not more than an hour after he had left the boat. In his nervous state he swooned, and when revived, followed the tracks of the thieves into the brush. Here he was again astounded. Around a bright camp fire about fifteen drunken Indians with heaps of sheep bones, skins about and an empty jug standing on its head. That was the last fishing he did.

If anyone is curious enough as to wish to see that hook, go to the old abandoned saw mill between Garden City and Fish Haven and satisfy this desire.

I had so many and such varied stories concerning this monster that I came to the conclusion that there must be something in them. And whoever saw a HERALD man who was not on the alert for something new, spicy and startling!

THE FOLLOWING MUST BE TAKEN FOR WHAT IT IS WORTH, FOR WE DO NOT FORCE TRUTH UPON ANYONE.

After bearing a number of the most exciting stories, one night, concerning this monster, I stole off to the shore and concealed myself in the thick brush which lines the southwestern part of the lake.

AND WATCHED AND WATCHED.

For two long, dreary nights of anxious watching, my labors went unrewarded. The third night proved more successful. As I was gazing sleepily out over the broad expanse, and thoroughly tired of my self-imposed task, I imagined I saw two small lights rise out of the water to the north and directly disappear. In a few moments they reappeared, again as large as two small lanterns; again they seemed to sink into the bosom of the lake. The smooth waters again became the shelter of the unknown. In my half-awake state, I lay trembling with excitement, each second seeming like hours. It was gone, and I would see it no more. Could this be the monster? No, certainly not.

BUT I WAS WRONG.

For soon two great, round balls of fire like the head-light of a locomotive appeared once more on the surface of the waters, only a few miles away. Two long streaks of light flashed over the placid waters, which was so bright as to dazzle my very eyes. The lights seemed stationary for a moment, then shot across the waters like a flash. When they were turned from me, I discerned a long, black, snakey form following them. The sleek, black head enlarged abruptly where it was joined to the body, and sloped down to a point, giving it the shape of a monster pig head minus the ears.

THE ROUND, FIERY EYES.

seemingly a foot in diameter, were deep set and well back. The whole appeared at least 300 feet in length, and for size would discount any antediluvian sea monster that ever rook the main.

THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THE LAKE BECAME

disturbed by the manœuvres of this king of monsters; the waves came roaring to shore and dashed themselves in angry confusion against the rocky beach. The water raised several feet, and I was compelled to shift my position in order not to be caught in its frothy arms.

THE MONSTER WHEELED, PASSED IN MY FRONT

like a dark meteor and ran his head ashore a few hundred yards below. A long, thin, blood red tongue darted out, snatched itself several times around a huge clump of bushes, and before I could tell it, the snapping of roots was heard, the enormous jaws opened and the bushes disappeared down its throat. This feeding, on a grand scale, was indulged in for some time and witnessed by me with horrified astonishment. The undergrowth and birch trees which the monster rooted up and swallowed so easily and with such apparent satisfaction, could not have been torn out by ten yokes of oxen.

AFTER SATISFYING HIS HERBIVOROUS APPETITE

he turned round, sped out near the center of the lake and disappeared. I have never seen it since.

NOT A WORD OF THIS

affair have I breathed to a living mortal before, as I knew my story would be discredited. But as we shall most likely have a drought next season (1890), and every foot of the water of Bear Lake utilized, I can safely make this statement, as the serpent will surely be found at the bottom.

THE TUNNEL FROM GARDEN VALLEY TO TAP THIS

lake will be completed this fall, in all probability, when, together with the Bothwell outlet, Bear Lake could be drained dry at a net time at the very covered with profitable farms and attractive homes instead of a brand waste of uncontrollable water, as it was in 1889.

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